



A CHAPBOOK
FOR LITTLE CHAPS



Scarce

Described by Stuart Guthrie
to his father James Guthrie

to

M/-

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To DADDY

with love from

Totch.

April 1921.

A CHAP-BOOK
FOR
LITTLE CHAPS



The PLAY



A
CHAPBOOK
FOR LITTLE CHAPS

COLLECTED FROM
NURSERY MAGAZINES
AT DIFFERENT
TIMES AND
EDITED BY
STUART GUTHRIE

To MOTHER
From
The BOYS



INTRODUCTION

THIS book consists, for the most part, of poems made by children round the table on winter evenings, and it does not pretend to be anything more than that. The setting and printing, as well as the illustrations, were an awful fag, and I had continually to remind myself that it was undertaken in the spirit of fun. But, having once begun to collect and publish such works, there appears to be much more material of the same kind than I had been aware of at first. So nobody need be surprised if other volumes appear later on, and if there is to be any surprise whatever it is hoped that the same will be of an agreeable nature. Also it is hoped that these works will be appreciated by children who are fond of doing the same sort of thing themselves.

And now, all these polite remarks having been duly set out in their proper

order and the way prepared for Romance, the next and most sensible thing is to stop talking and get on with the book.

Flansham. 1920.

S. G.





The Snail.

What creature but a snail must know
The reason why he goes so slow?
Hurry quicker, little snail;
Send a note by cart or mail,
Say I am coming by the rail.
I cannot come by way of road,
My house is such a heavy load.





The Kettle

The kettle from his brazen throat
Sings such a merry little note
That all the world awakes to see
How well Mamma can brew the tea.

My Pale Pansies

What doctor will
By draught or pill
Cure my pale pansies?

Pansies purple,
Yellow pansies,
Grave ones,
Gay ones.....
All fine pansies
Full of silly fancies.

What doctor will
By draught or pill
Cure my pale pansies?



The POEM of Boiled Potatoes

He travelled near, he travelled far,
He fell into a fancy jar
Of boiled potatoes.

“Alas!” he murmured as his head
Became all purple, blue, and red,

“What? boiled potatoes!
Why boiled they these and left them
standing

So near my stockings on the landing,
These boiled potatoes?

And why must I, though nearly toasted,
By such cruel fate be roasted,
And boiled potatoes?

My hair is clammy and I'm fixed;
My false teeth and my wig are mixed
With boiled potatoes.

O, let me go and run my races
In pink pyjamas and blue braces,
And slide while everyone grimaces;
For stuck all over as my face is,
And I am floury to the laces,
There is no doubt I owe these graces
To boiled potatoes.”

Farming and Hay

Farming and hay,
Hip! Hip! Hooray!!
All through the day
The boys are at play,
While the men in the hay
Work hard and gay.
Hip! Hip! Hooray!!





The Play

Scene: THE TOP OF A HIGH TOWER. THERE ARE STONE BATTLEMENTS. THE LANDSCAPE IS FORESTS OF TREES, AND HILLS; A LOWERING SKY IS PAINTED AT THE BACK, PURPLE AND ORANGE, STRANGE WITH ALL THE WILD BEAUTY OF CHROME YELLOW, CRIMSON LAKE, AND PRUSSIAN BLUE.

Time: LATE EVENING.

People: TWO MEN-AT-ARMS. OTHER PEOPLE (NOT SEEN) IN THE DUNGEON BELOW. ONE MORE PERSON.

First Warrior: Oh, it is a wild night; a chill comes upon me from these dread woods, waving like a cold sea over which are white birds that cry as tho' they were lonely and had no rest. I shall keep my sword aright.....what was that moan?

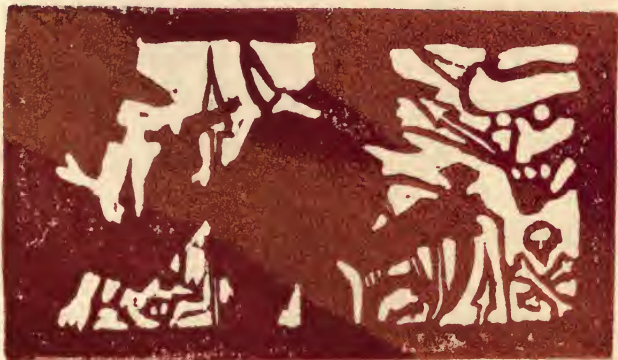
Second Warrior: Oh, naught but a prisoner below. He is new and strong, and may break his chain; but the iron door will still enchain him. Pooh! you fear much at little things tonight. Let's light a fire and a pipe, and be merry! While I fill the brazier, will you draw two full tankards from down below?

First Warrior: Yes, I'll go. You'll hear

me sing, and I'll keep my sword free to kill spiders with. I don't like that prisoner's voice. (He goes away singing. His voice dies away gradually, and then is raised wildly, and sinks gurgling into silence.)

Second Warrior: Ha! there's treachery and black murder in this castle; his fears were true. (He takes his pistol and goes clanking with his spurred boots down the stair. There is a long silence in the playhouse, and the audience are beginning to feel for their hats, when a shot rings out, and a little blue smoke comes up from the dungeon stair.)

CURTAIN



A Lady and a Man in a Little House

Once upon a time a lady and a man, lived in a little house, on the top of a hill, and they had no children to keep, so they lived all by themselves, except a little kitten. And one night as they sat at the table, they heard a scream outside the door, and when they went to open the door they could not see anything, so they shut the door and went on with their writing, and they wrote in peace for about an hour's time. Then they heard the scream of a man, and the man being a very brave soldier, quickly seized his dagger, and his sword, he went to the door, and looking through the key-hole he saw a black thing in the corner, and then he ran to get his pistol, and all the time the lady was in a great fright, so the man crept up to the door, and pointing his pistol through the key-hole at the black thing he fired, and then got the lamp and opened the door and found a dead man lying down, in the place he

had fired to, and the little kitten beside him.

Breakfast Time

Mother is calling at the foot of the stair,
Robin is pouring grease on his hair,
John's mending his jersey with the
utmost care,

I'm choosing the trousers I'm going to
When it is breakfast time. . . [wear,]



A Merry Place in the Sun

Old Flansham is a merry place,
When the sun has singed your face,
When the sea is calm and cool,
(Ruled by Miss Britannia's rule).
But the bacon's rather dear
In the shops, and on the pier
The Cinema is there to reap
Pennies while the school-boys weep
To see the hero fighting through
A saucy enemy or two.
Back we come among the trees
To our humble bread and cheese
In the evening. We have tasted
Harnett's buns, and then have hasted
Homeward by the yellow sands
With flying feet and waving hands,
And hair all jammy with the salt,
Which Mother knows is not our fault.





The Battle of Blenheim

Onward they walk,
Onward they walk,
Onward Marlborough's soldiers go:
Never a minute slow.
Shield in left, sword in right,
Boldly, boldly, they do fight.
Dump, dump, dump,
The drum's hard thump.
Marlborough frowned
When he was crowned,
Over the hill,
Over the hill.

The Dark Wood

Into a dark wood,
The enchanted place, with might,
On a black horse, rode
A glittering knight.

And far away,
Beyond the hidden streams
And lost days, there lay
The City of his dreams.



Dripping.

Look at the dripping on the stair
And on little Freddy's bright red hair.
Whoever did it I will catch,
Put into a cupboard and slip the latch.

Toothache

Jaw, jaw, aching jaw,
Agonizing tooth and gums:
Must your hard and dismal law
Keep on till the dentist comes?



WHY?

Why are the shores so clean and bright?
Because they are washed both day and
(night.)

Why is the sky so clear and blue?
That's only how it seems to you.
Why does the sea rock to and fro?
How far away do steamships go?
Is the sky held up by the trees?
What makes such a strong breeze
Blow all the clouds across the skies?
Is it when God sighs?





The Enegetic Man

The Enegetic Man

The other day I saw a man
And just because he couldn't stand
What do you think he did? He ran
And inch by inch
He cleared the land.

The news was spread
O'er the land
As inch by inch he,
Running, ran.

Till at last he was forced to stand.
He was an enegetic man!

The Violet

What a pretty flower the violet is:
God made it and it is His.
All other flowers He made as well,
But none have such a nice smell.



The Knight

Far down the mountain side
A knight did use to ride:
He rode upon a milk-white horse
Right in among the old green gorse.
He was a knight of long ago
Who in his castle used to grow
A golden apple, one or so.

The Old Woman Who Lived
In A Shoe.

Here's a woman; and her childer
Do her utmost wits bewilder.
Some are kittenish and shy
Of the cowslips passing by.
All of them do love their broth,
But they fear their mother's wrath.



Tale Time

When the wild north winds do blow,
And the ground is thick with snow,
Then is the time for telling tales,
To hush the angry winter gales.

When the fire is glowing red,
And it's time to go to bed;
Then is the time for telling tales,
To hush the angry winter gales.

Picking Lillies

They picked the lillies tall and
pure:
The more they picked they left
the fewer.



THIS is the end of A CHAP-BOOK
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